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For the Lily.

THE LITTLE ADVOCATE.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"Father! Father, storms are sweeping,
Cold snows drifting, wild and drear,
Wintry winds, like lions leaping,
Do not leave us lonely here."
Half in dread, and half in gladness,
Eyes with tearful lustre bright,
Touching was that tone of sadness,
"Do not not go away to-night!"
So the father staid, and with joyous glee
The pleading daughter climb'd his knee.

"Dearest father, what a pleasure,
Here, at home, thy smile to see,
Lo, the babe, our blessed treasure,
How he claps his hands at thee,
Mother's face is bright with gladness,
Gentler seems the angry wind,
For there's neither gloom nor sadness
While thou'rt seated here so kind."
Then the father bent, with aspect mild,
And kissed the lips of the loving child.

"Father! father! mother weepeth,
Burdened with a heavy care,
Every night, before she sleepeth,
Is your name upon her prayer,
She that cup of poison dreadeth
Which her path with thorns has strown,
Like an angry fiend it treadeth
On thy comfort, and our own:
And the father took the pledge, whose sway
Was peace to the home where his treasures lay.

MAKING A GOOD IMPRESSION.

BY ANNA WILMOT.

Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones was very desirous to make a favorable impression on the mind of a certain young Doctor Jackson, who had recently moved into the village of Flowerdale, and of whom report said many fine things: as that he was a man of elegant appearance, finished education, single, connected with a highly respectable family, and, moreover, worth something handsome.

The girls of Flowerdale were as a matter of course all by the ears—we don't mean quarreling—about Doctor Jackson. Fanny Tiller, Jane Herbert, and Florence Wilber, particular friends of Sarah Matilda's, had already been introduced to the young physician, and their report was of a decided character. Fanny said he was the most agreeable man she had ever met; Jane was in raptures with his person—such splendid eyes and teeth—such a figure—such a carriage—and Florence laughingly declared him to be a perfect beau ideal in everything.

Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones was the daughter of Jeremiah Jones, a very excellent man, whose "profession," as Sarah called it, was that of a saddle and harness maker. He was not rich; neither was he poor. By industry he had been able to accumulate enough to buy himself a comfortable dwelling, and also to build half a dozen small houses, the annual income from which did not fall very far short of a thousand dollars. His business to which he devoted himself with commendable industry, yielded him a few hundred dollars above his expenses every year. Mr. Jones was, therefore, in very comfortable circumstances, and getting better off every day. He was a sensible man, and his wife a sensible woman in most of the affairs of life. They gave their daughter, Sarah Matilda, a good education, and had her accomplished in matters of music, dancing, drawing, etc., as far as this could be done during a year's sojourn at a boarding-school located near the capital of the state.

From this boarding-school the young lady had returned with a few notions on the subject of love and gentility in advance of those ordinarily held in Flowerdale. All useful employments she considered vulgar. In this view we may be sure that she found but little sympathy at home;—where in spite of her new and improved ideas, she was compelled to take her part in the doings of what had to be done, and darn stockings, mend the jackets and trowsers of her brothers, and even peel potatoes and turnips, or string the beans and shell the peas, just as things turned up. All this was a serious grief to Sarah Matilda, and a humiliation of her feelings; but Mr. and Mrs. Jones were people of the old school, and it was no use for the modern young lady to make a stand against them. She understood this very well, and did not commit so great a folly as to waste her feelings in the attempt.

In regard to love matters, it happened that Sarah Matilda made the discovery, while in the finishing school to which she had been sent, that young ladies who expected to get good husbands must make themselves particularly attractive to the young men. The precise manner of doing this had not been laid down; but in a general way, it was understood that tasteful dressing, agreeable conversation, and the exhibition of varied accomplishments, were among the principal means to be employed in winning hearts. Sarah Matilda felt conscious of her power, and only waited a good opportunity for its display. None had been presented until the arrival of Doctor Jackson; for, among the ordinary village beaux, there was not one worth, in her estimation, the trouble of winning, and, therefore, she wasted no attractions upon them.

Doctor Jackson's appearance in the village however, awakened the young heart of Sarah Matilda from its partial torpor, and she determined from the first, to make such an impression upon him when they did meet as would place her, in his estimation, far in advance of any other young lady in Flowerdale.

Through rather provoking and importune circumstances, several weeks elapsed from the time Doctor Jackson opened his office, before an opportunity of meeting him occurred. The occasion which at length presented itself, was that of a party at the house of a friend.

To prepare for this party was the business of a week. Sarah Matilda thought of little else through the day, and dreamed of nothing else through the night. The great question with her was, how she should dress, so as to make the good impression she desired. The first step was to consult immediately Peterson's fashion plates, and see what was the latest style. Here she found evening-dresses, walking-dresses, ball-dresses, and all sorts of dresses. The difficulty was to choose from among so many styles presented, something unique, striking and appropriate. To aid in the decision one of the village dress-makers was called in to Sarah Matilda's council.

"I want something very elegant," said the young lady, "In fact I must be the belle of the evening, for I'm going to set my cap for Mr. Somebody, and wish to make a good impression."

The mantua-maker suggested first one thing and then another; but "no"—"no"—"not attractive enough"—"too plain," and such like objections met every proposal. Perceiving, now, the young lady's views in the matter, the dress-maker fell in with them, and between the two, something really very striking, though not costly (for plain Mr. Jones had something to say in that matter) was got up. A showy head-dress, with rosettes almost as large as cabbages, was next selected, and a few more flowers and bows added to give it the right attraction.

The night of the party at length came. Among the first who arrived was Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones, fully prepared to take the young doctor's heart by storm. She wore a flashy muslin dress, looped up at the sides and in front with red flowers and rosettes. Her arms were bare, and each wrist was ornamented with a bracelet; one of which she had borrowed from a young friend; said young friend appearing in simple white, and without an ornament, except a few rose-buds half hidden among her jetty tresses. From this friend Sarah Matilda also borrowed a large cameo pin, and a pair of heavy ear-rings; both of which she now displayed. From some other source she had been able to get a showy necklace, that had not before glittered in the light of a gay party for years. As to her head dress, we will not venture a description. Language would fail to present it to the mind's eye.

All ready to make a decided and lasting impression, Sarah Matilda came to the party. Her modest friend, a portion of whose jewelry she was now exhibiting, appeared, as has been said, in

simple white! Her name was Florence Wilber. Sarah felt a little sorry for her, when she saw the plainness of her attire, and felt some touches of compunction at having robbed her, as she mentally termed it. Florence sat down by Sarah's side; and nothing could have been in stronger contrast than the appearance they made.

As guest after guest arrived, Sarah Matilda marked them with quick eyes; and her gratification was extreme, on finding, after the rooms were nearly filled, that she was indeed the belle of the evening, and the observed of all observers. Compared with her, every other girl was a mere drab—so she thought—and not dressed well enough to go to church, much less appear at a party.

"I haven't seen the doctor yet!" Sarah Matilda whispered to Florence, who still sat by her side. "I wonder if he isn't coming?"

"There he is," replied Florence, glancing toward the farther end of the room.

"Where?" eagerly enquired Sarah,

"He is talking with Mr. Wayland."

"Indeed! Is that him? Oh! what an elegant young man!" And she fixed her eyes languishingly upon the doctor, who looked steadily at her. In a few minutes he came across the room and spoke to Florence, who introduced him to Sarah Matilda. The latter blushed, simpered, looked interesting—or tried to—and then made a regular attack upon the young doctor's heart, by a display of her remarkable educational superiority over all the other girls in the village. For a time, Florence was thrown completely in the shade.—But that did not trouble her any, for she had not sought the light; and was happy with her own sweet thoughts.

Sarah Matilda felt that she had made a conquest. That Doctor Jackson had surrendered at once. And she did not wonder that such should have been the case, all things taken into the account. Attractions such as she presented, were not to be met with every day.

For half an hour she held the doctor by the very force of her conversational ability, and then let him go, feeling that love's silken cords were around him.

It was not very long afterwards that, while sitting near the folding door of the parlors, she heard a voice, the sound of which her ear well remembered, say—

"For Heaven's sake, Williams, tell me who that lady is with the head-dress and necklace?—I don't see her just now, But you know who I mean?"

"The milliner's show figure?"

"Yes. The girl dressed like an opera dancer; who talks like a book, though a shocking bad one?"

"That Lady is the fascinating Miss Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones. *The* belle of Flowerdale. Is it possible you haven't met her before?"

"Never had that pleasure."

"She's a character."

"So I find; though, I must say, not one particularly suited to my fancy. But there is one here who pleases me wonderfully well."

"Ah. Who is she?"

"That modest flower drooping over the book on the centre-table."

"Florence Wilber."

"Yes."

"Florence is a charming girl. Though rather retiring I have sometimes thought. If she ever win a heart, it will not be through design. She is innocent of that."

"I can well believe you. Though I would hardly like to say as much for the fascinating Sarah Matilda Ellen, what do you call her?"

Sarah Matilda heard no more, for the conversation between the two young men ceased at that point.

Cotillons were formed soon after; but Sarah Matilda was not to be found when the sets were made up. She had retired in confusion, and, at the moment when the dancers formed themselves on the floor, she was in her chamber at home, with her finery scattered in disorder around her, and herself drowned in tears.

Nothing could have more astonished her than the words of the young men. The sneering remarks of the elegant doctor seemed, for a few moments, as if they would drive her mad. How she got out of the brilliantly lighted parlors; or how she found her way home, she could scarcely tell. But Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones was an altered girl from that time. Scales had fallen from her eyes; and she saw every object around her in a new light. She had sought to make an impression, and had succeeded; but it was a shocking bad impression; and of this she was too fully sensible to permit a feeling of vanity or even self-complacency to take possession of her mind. She did not meet the doctor again for about two months; and then, so changed was she in her whole exterior and manner that he did not know her. In the meantime, he had commenced paying marked attention to Florence, but a hint from a friend that she was engaged, and the wedding day already appointed, caused him to abandon all designs in that quarter. On his second meeting with Sarah Matilda, he found her really an interesting and rather intelligent girl; and, ere he guessed who she really was, permitted himself to feel an interest in her favor.

"Who is that young lady with whom I have been chatting?" he inquired of a friend.

"That is Miss Jones"

"What Miss Jones?"

"The daughter of old Jeremiah Jones, the saddle and harness maker. Have you forgotten the gay belle of the party?"

"What Miss Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones?"

"The same."

"It can't be possible!"

"The young lady herself; though from some cause, wonderfully changed for the better."

"So much changed that I didn't know her.—Why, as she shows herself now, she is quite a clever girl."

"Her father and mother are sensible people, and she ought, therefore, to have a groundwork of good sense in her character. They spoiled her by sending her off to a fashionable boarding-school."

"A great many girls are spoiled in that way."

"You may well say that. But I am glad this young damsel has seen her folly—if such be really the case."

In spite of the half contempt Doctor Jackson had felt for Miss Sarah Matilda, he now found himself really interested in her; and as Sarah Matilda had received a hint in regard to his views and feelings not soon to be forgotten, she permitted herself to act out herself naturally, and did not permit herself to go a jot beyond this. The consequence was, that, after meeting her a few times in company, the doctor made bold to call, on which occasion he was more than ever pleased with her, and also pleased with the plain, sensible old gentleman, her father.

The more Sarah Matilda saw of Dr. Jackson, the more fully did she comprehend her mistake at the party. He was a clear-seeing, common sense kind of a man, who read character at a glance, and no more wanted a fine, artificial lady for a wife, than he did a fiery young colt to carry him about on his professional visits.

In acting out jnst what she was, and letting her true character be seen, Sarah Matilda made another kind of an impression altogether from the one at first produced on the doctor's heart. As her real self she had power to win him; and she did win him. Long ago they were married; and since that happy day, have enjoyed many a hearty laugh over the recollection of the first meeting at the party.

The Plough recommends smokers to try hops instead of tobacco, observing that the fragrance is balsamic, and, diffused in a bed chamber, will often bring calm, refreshing sleep.

There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage, as vanity; nor any which by ill management makes so contemptible a figure.

GO FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

The circumstances which induced the writing of the following most touching and thrilling lines are as follows: A young lady of New York was in the habit of writing for the Philadelphia Ledger, on the subject of Temperance. Her writing was so full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion of soul, that a friend of hers accused her of being a maniac on the subject of temperance;—whereupon she wrote the following lines:

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt
And the cold world's proud scorn:
Then suffer on from year to year—
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay,
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall—
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Life's fading flowers strew'd all the way—
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bowed—
With gnashing teeth—lips bathed in blood
And cold and livid brow:
Go catch his withering glance and see
There mirrored, his soul's misery.

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide;
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;
Mark her worn frame, and wither'd brow;
The gray that streaks her dark hair now;
With fading frame and trembling limb;
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the cursed cup;
And led her down through love and light,
And all that made her promise bright;
And chained her there 'mid want and strife
That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife—
And stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight, the drunkard's child.

Go hear and feel, and see and know,
All that MY SOUL hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone—
Think if its flavor you will try!
When all proclaim, 'its drink and die!

Tell me I HATE the bowl—
HATE is a feeble word,
I LOATHE—ABHOR—MY VERY SOUL
WITH STRONG DISGUST IS STIRR'D—
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark BEVERAGE OF HELL.

Small acts of kindness! how pleasant and desirable do they make life! Every dark object made light by them and every tear of sorro brushed away.

Sonnet.

TO MY SISTER.

Phœbe*, thy name expresses what thou art,
A *bright one*, glowing with celestial light,
And beauteous as the blush of star gemmed night;
An angel form enshrining *woman's heart*,
And joying most when joy thou can'st impart;
Thy beaming face the clouds of grief affright;
And *sun lit love*, all radiant and bright,
And *hope* and *promise* on the soul will dart
Their gentle lays in answer to thy smile.
Be blest thy future! In a world like this,
Thou may'st not shun each treachery and wile,
But thou may'st gain sweet peace and blessedness;
And, if thy heart remaineth free from guile,
Thy weary soul shall rest in endless bliss.

A. C. G.

Seneca Falls, June 1, 1849.

* The Greek word signifies *the bright one*,

To Country Girls.

The following hints from Mrs. Swisshelm, may be of value to more girls than those in Pennsylvania:

"Well, girls, I got such a scolding from one of your number, for writing no letter last week, that I am afraid to neglect it this time. You know I said I could quilt almost as fast as two of you. The reason is, I take care of my hands. One half of you are to proud to do this. You would not be caught putting a glove on to sweep, or hoe, or weed in a garden, because you think it would look as if you wanted to be fine ladies. If you see any one taking care of her hands or careful to wear a sun-bonnet to preserve her complexion, you say she is "proud and stuck up." But it is you who are proud—too proud to think you require any care to look nice. You have an idea you look well enough at any rate, so you just make yourself as rough and coarse as ever you can, by way of being independent. Your hands grow as stiff and hard as if you held a plow, and swung a scythe, and when you take a needle you can scarcely feel it in your fingers. This is wrong. There are many things which women ought to do, which require their hands to be soft and pliable, and they should be careful to keep them so, in order to make them useful. Every woman who lives in the country should knit herself a pair of gloves, with long fingers closed at the tops—not mitts, to let the fingers get hard. There should be a piece of ribbed work at the wrist to make them stay on. When you use your hoe, rake or broom, put on your gloves—when you take hold of a skillet, pot or kettle handle, take a cloth to keep your hand from being seared and hardened. When you wash clothes or dishes, do not have water so hot as to feel unpleasant. Many girls scald their hands till they can put them into water almost boiling. Such hands are unfit to use a needle or a pin. They are not so good to hold a baby or dress a wound. Take care of your hands and do not forget your faces. I have seen so many country girls, who at sixteen, had complexions like alabaster, and at twenty-six, their faces would look like a runnet bag, that had been hung six weeks in the chimney corner. One reason of this is, they do not wear a bonnet to protect them from the sun. Another reason is, the habit they have, of baking their faces before a wood fire. I have seen some women stand before a great roasting fire and cook, until I thought their brains were as well stewed as the chickens; and they would get so used to it that they would make no attempt to shield their heads from the heat. Nay, they will sit down in the evening and bake their faces by the hour; and this is one of the reasons why American women grow old, withered and wrinkled, fifteen years before their time.

But another and greater reason is, your diet.—People in this country live too well and eat too much hot bread and meat. Country people usually eat richer food than those who live in the cities, and this a reason why with their fresh air, their average age is still greater than that of city folks. Thousands of beautiful, blooming country girls make old, sallow-faced women of themselves before they are thirty, by drinking coffee, smoking tobacco and eating hot bread. They shorten their lives by these practices about as much as city ladies with their fashionable follies. I do not know what you think about it, girls, but I think it is about as much of a sin for women to get old, brown, withered faces, by eating too much, as it is for men to get red noses by drinking too much. Very few people think it a disgrace to have a bilious fever; but I had just as lief the doctor would tell me I was drunk as that I was bilious. The one would come from drinking too much, the other from eating too much. All this is a serious matter, for it affects health and life; and the reason I talk about your complexion in speaking of it is, that every body loves to look well whether they will acknowledge it or not. Now people cannot look well unless they are well; and no one can be well very long who does not try to take care of herself. The woman who roasts her head by the fire, disorders her blood, brings on headaches, injures her health, and makes her face look like a piece of leather. When she swallows her hot coffee, hot bread, greasy victuals and strong pickles, she destroys her stomach, rots her teeth, shortens her life, and makes herself too ugly for any use, except scaring the crows off the corn."

Influence of the Young.

Among all that has been spoken or written on this subject, we think the following extracts from a temperance lecture, delivered not long ago by Lewis Dela, of this city, as pretty and touching as any we have heard or read:—[Portland Trans.

"Let no young man fall into the common error that he is too young to exert any influence; let such remember that when the hearts of the strong men of Israel quailed within them at the bold defyings of the proud Goliah, 'twas then that David, a youth of but few summers, went forth to meet, and made the champion of Philistine's host bow low in death before him. Like him, then, we must arm ourselves with but the simple sling of truth and pebbles from the pool of love, and trusting in the arms of Him who aided David in the unequal fight, when dread Goliah fell before his arm, go forth to battle for the cause we love. "*I have no influence*," is a worthless plea, derogatory to our manhood, and one which should bring the blush of shame when it is uttered. Here I will relate an incident, showing what a powerful influence, even the smallest child may exert:

"In one of the many pleasant villages of our State there lived a young man, the husband of a happy wife, and the father of a lovely boy. For six years they had lived together in all the enjoyments of domestic happiness, when the demon, intemperance, laid his destroying hand upon the family altar, and enrolled the husband among his host of victims. His home was a home no longer! The smiles of happiness had departed from his face! Misery and despair were written on his countenance! The respected husband and envied father was a miserable, loathsome drunkard. But did the wife desert him in this trying hour? It has been said that

> Woman's love all change will meet,
> And like the ivy round the oak,
> Cling closest in the storm;

and in this case as a thousand others, has been beautifully verified. Like a guardian angel, she watched over him, and endeavored to bring him back to the path of rectitude and virtue. But it was all in vain, for every smile he rendered back a frown! For every word of kindness a blow. While things remained thus, the little boy became a member of a "Sabboth School Temperance Society," and happy was the little fellow when, in the pride of his young heart he came home and told his father his name was on the pledge; but his father answered him only with a frown. A short time, and the little boy was taken dangerously sick, and when the physician pronounced him to be dying, the father started; the sound went like a dagger to his heart. He sat down by the bed-side, for when he felt that his boy must die, the last spark of parental love was awakened in his bosom. "Father," said the dying boy, and his voice was as musical and sweet as the gentle whisperings of the summer wind, "Father, mother says that I am about to die, and that when I am gone she will have no one left but you, but you wont treat her ill, father, when I am not here to cheer her, will you? I want you to sign the pledge as I have, for then you will drink no more, and mother will be happy as she used to be; will you father," and his voice died away, and his lips were hushed forever.

The next day was a sorrowful one beneath that humble roof; the neighbors had assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to him who but a few days before was the idol of the whole village, but now lay stretched in his burial shroud. The coffin lay upon the table, the father stood beside it, a pen was in his hand, before him lay the temperance pledge, and there upon the coffin of his sainted child, he registered his name upon it while the tears fell fast and free upon that upturned face. He wept, as well he might, but the boy knew not of his tears, for his sinless spirit had passed to its home in heaven, and there, no doubt, by the right hand of his Saviour he chanted a song of praise over the redemption of his earthly father."

A Sermon for Young Ladies.—Dow, Jun., in one of his late sermons, gives the following advice to young ladies.

"My young maidens—I know you all want to get married as soon as you enter your teens; but it is better to remain single and live upon the cold soup of solitude than to marry misery and wed woe. I have but a poverty stricken opinion of the majority of my sex. They are corrupted by the miscalled refinements of the age; so inflated with pride, so fooled by fashion, so afraid of the soil on which they live, so given to the cultivation of whiskers, goatees and mustaches, while their morals are in the most wretched state for want of weeding; and overgrown with hair, vanity and laziness, scarce one in twenty is worth being entrusted with a wife."

A New Cure for Drunkards.—Dr. Schreiber, of Stockholm, has succeeded in curing drunkards of their bad habits. He isolates the patient, gives him brandy and water to drink, prepares all his food with brandy and water, and mixes these with tea and coffee. At the end of a few weeks, the regimen produces an uncontrolable disgust and repugnance. A physician should, however, watch the operation for fear of apoplexy and cerebral congestion. One hundred and thirty-nine soldiers were so treated with perfect success.

Thunder and Lightning.—A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his hearers observing it, inquired of him what induced him to make the change. He answered, "when I was young I thought it was the thunder that killed the people; but when I grew wiser I discovered that it was the lightning; so I determined to thunder less, and lighten more in future."

Education is not the putting a sharp weapon into a man's hand, but training him to employ for good purposes whatever weapon may come in his way.

For the Lily.

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF A LOVELY YOUNG LADY.

Matilda stood among her numerous friends,
Like a sweet flower in fancy's dreams I've seen,
Sheltered and safe within its garden home,
As ever flower could be.
'Twas chastely beautiful,
And one would deem it drew its virgin life
From better source than this cold dark brown earth,
And bathed its petals in a dew as fair
As that which Eden shed on her young blossoms.
O 'twas a dear delight to watch its growth,
And breathe its perfume sweet as love's own [breath,
But sinless as a dream of purity—
The day-god kissed it, as he passed benignly,
But refrained to drink its dew; the breeze of eve
Caressed, and Flora's pride flourished in freshness.
But anon a fiery spirit passed us,
Singling from out our garden bowers,
The choicest plants to feed his rage upon—
We tremble at a work we may not stay,
For now alas! it smites that cherished stalk
And bows it to the earth.
Angels, drop tears
If ever, here, and wave your gentlest wing,
Lest the sweet flower die; and we the while
Will pray they prove not unavailing,
As the drops which sorrowing evening weeps
Upon the withered breast of the blanched rose.
Alas! they heed us not, for even while [breast,
Deep pleadings rise from the bow'd head and
A stern voice bids them haste their dreadful work
And pluck the holy bud from off its stem,
And bear it hence to heaven.

Moravia, May 20, 1849. F. A. A.

The Moral Power of Woman.

BY MRS. WILBER.

Woman's influence was coeval with her existence. When our first parents roamed sinless through the fragrant bowers of Eden, the tempter availed himself of that influence to bring misery and wo upon all succeeding generations. It has left its impress on every nation; its marks are visible in every clime. On the fertile plains of the Nile it moved a hard and regal heart to mercy; and the scarcely perceptible ruins of Carthage still bear the traces of her influence. In classic Greece the "bring your shield, or be borne upon it," from woman's lips, made a nation of soldiers, while her precepts in Italy made every soldier capable of being a general. It is seen in the frozen regions of the north, and on the sunny plains of the south. We read it on Iceland's ice-bound coast by the light of her burning Hecla.—Devotion's flame is there kindled by the hearth-stone; it warms the heart of the poor fisherman as he casts his net upon the waters; it glows in the bosom of him who threads the dizzy paths among the beetling precipices and dark ravines of the mountains, for his mother has taught him "to feel that he hangs on the Almighty's arm"—and it ever burns brightly by the fire-side of the Icelandic peasant. We perceive it in far distant Oceanica—yea, in every isle of the great deep. The waves which lave "old Plymouth Rock" for ever sound her influence. Thousands of voices from heathen lands raised in prayer and praise to the known God, speak a more emphatic language in her favor than splendid mountains and mausoleums could do; and the green graves of a Judson, a Newell, a Kidder and Lee, will remain as mementos of her power, while the injunction of the blessed Redeemer, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," is echoed on the mountain's summit, and in the fertile vale.

But let us briefly consider woman's influence in different relations. She may mould the elements of society, and make them mingle in harmony; or she may plant the germs of strife and contention, and thus render it a discordant, dissevered mass. She may unite it with chains of gold, or with links of iron which must soon be corroded and destroyed. She may cause virtue and religion to be respected, or vice and immorality to rule the hearts of men. She may give laws of wisdom, or "utter foolishness which will lead to destruction." If educated and refined woman smiles on the betrayer of innocence, can she feel that her own loved ones are secure from the evil machinations of him who flatters but to lead to ruin? If she participates in, or countenances the sparkling bowl, in which the "undying worm of the still" is concealed, may she not fear that her own destiny will be linked for life with a disgusting drunkard! If she join in games of chance, though at first it be but for amusement, or smile upon the gamester, may she not expect to find herself, sooner or later, the victim of the gaming mania, and a homeless and deserted woman; for heavy is the penalty which rests upon the mover of the dice. If she welcome the duellist with the heart's emblem of sunshine, can she expect that those dear as her own soul will pass this ordeal of principle unscathed!

"I would not dare to meet my own wife, if I did not demand life for insulted honor," said a man of influence; "and I would be ashamed of a husband who did not demand it," echoed his companion at the fireside. There was a son present who treasured up these seeming heroic sentiments; and in a few brief months that mother's heart was wrung with unutterable anguish, by the intelligence that her son had fallen in a duel in a far distant land. "She sowed the wind and she reaped the whirlwind." "My son can resent an insult to his dignity as soon as any *gentleman*, and will have revenge too," said a lady in presence of several children of her acquaintance. The germ of strife was there encouraged which doubtless will cause blood and tears to flow freely from the dying and bereaved, when youth shall have taken the place of infancy. How much more noble and Christian-like, the conduct of that mother who, when the husband of her youth lay cold in the embraces of death, caused by the assassin's blow, forgave that heartless murderer, and taught her grown sons this precept, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."—Had she not been a Christian indeed, the assassin never would have left the "Old Dominion" with life, and perchance that mother had mourned over a guilty son. She possessed more moral courage, more true fortitude than any or all of the duelists who have gone to the grave with their hands imbrued in the life blood of their fellow beings. Let every woman imitate Mrs. D. in those heart-searching, heart-rending hours, and the duellist will no longer have a place in respectable society, but will be justly classed with the outcasts of community.

If talented and influential women are found in the haunts of dissipation, or frequent public amusements, will it not encourage their associates, both male and female, in treading the broad road, and will not the contagion spread through all ranks in society? Most surely it will. And each member of every family exerts an influence in community; and thus it is that woman's influence is unmeasured, and immeasurable; and thus it is that the vicious pass along, not with the mark of Cain, as it were, branded on their brows by public opinion, but with bold countenance and haughty mein—and the river of mental and moral, and eternal death still flows on, though the prayers of the homeless widow and her desolate children ascend even to heaven. Thus it is that the theatre is filled with thousands and scores of thousands, led on to sin and ruin in this world, and to a fearful judgment hereafter. Thus it is that a love of display, and a blind regard for fashion, are permitted to rule the ascendant in the female mind, and to do their perfect work of injury upon the rising generation, when woman has the power to renovate the whole, and [illegible] the moral landscape engaging and lovely.

In one of the largest southern States there resided, in 183—, a gentleman high in public office and universally respected. He was noted for his benevolence, and his common friends supposed him a model of virtue and temperance. But those who knew him best saw that he tarried long at the wine, that frequently his eye displayed unusual brilliancy, and his frame excitement. But they dared not sound the "tocsin of alarm," they judged it too delicate an affair for unskillful hands to manage. There was one gentle being, frail as "the lily of the valley," and the last of his family, who saw the danger and mourned in secret.—She knew she was beloved by the father; but then he was a proud and gifted man. Would he receive advice from a child? It was a lovely morning, and E. walked forth in the porch, so common an appendage to southern dwellings; the father was there, and as he marked the sadness of that lovely countenance, and her tearful eyes, he anxously enquired, "what disturbs my E. this morning?" "We are alone, dear father," she exclaimed; "all the world to each other, are we not?" A glance of tenderness was the mute response. "But," she continued "is there not a worm beginning to prey upon our happiness, and shall we not fear him?" And her cheek was very pale as she whispered, "the worm of the still." Perchance the stern brow of that proud man was somewhat blanched, and his lip quivered—the past was before him, with all its hoarded memories of love and untold tenderness—the recollections of a wife and children cold beneath the sod of the valley was there—and the future—he saw at a glance its deep dark shadows, and he shuddered. "Blessings on you, my child," he exclaimed, "you have saved your father."—And thenceforward the name of Judge B. was on the officers' list of the county temperance society; and the community felt the power of that young girl's influence; for her father was ever after an active and energetic advocate of temperance, and saved many from a drunkard's woe and a drunkard's grave.

Woman's influence is truly kingly in general society. It is powerful in a daughter and a sister; but it is the mother who weaves the garlands that flourish in eternity.

"She stamps the lines so indelible on the young soul,
That all the water-floods of time erase them not,
And which stern death peruses, when he seals the [scroll
Of life up, for the judgement bar.

She may plant in the heart the strong oaks of virtue and religion, which will defy the storms of infidelity and the lightnings of sarcasm, or she may suffer the evil passions of human nature to go unchecked and unrestrained, which, as years are added to years, will prove moral death to all within their influence. A wealthy and influential family formerly resided in the city of T.; the father was one of the most distinguished jurists in his native state, and was also among the councils of the nation. Mrs. L. was a *lady* in the most extensive sense of the word, and a domestic lady, but her station in society was an exalted one; and while she trained her daughters in the paths of virtue and piety, she allowed her sons to imbibe corrupt principles, and indulge in evil habits. The wine cup was there placed to the lips of those who called, and the children learned to love the sparkling of the choice beverage. They were allowed to frequent the theatre, the circus, and the streets of that crowded city where lessons of vice were early instilled into their hearts, and which were only strengthened with their years. At the time of my acquaintance, the eldest son was perhaps twenty years of age, and dissipation had already begun to do his work. Noble and commanding in appearance, he graced the circles of fashion—possessing an intellect of the highest order, he had already acquired a liberal education, and was admitted to the bar. Surely life seemed fair to him; but the serpent from the decanter coiled round his vitals, and a few years since the elegant, accomplished and talented young lawyer

delirium tremens. And his soul—its ... recorded in the book of Him who hath ... "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of ... heaven." The second son was perhaps then ... seen—a brilliant youth, amiable and engaging ... manners. He also had sipped the poison ... his father's table, had gone to the circus, and become fascinated with its excitement. His name is enrolled among the wanderers who go homeless from place to place, scattering moral disease and death through our land; and he will probably ere long lie down in a drunkards grave. There was another—then twelve years of age.—If personal loveliness, if the silken locks, the lofty marble brow, and the dark eagle eye—if an aptitude for learning, and a knowledge beyond his years, could have argued his destiny, then truly had it been a glorious one. But he loved wine. he loved fiction, and revelled amid the enchanting descriptions of the novelist until they imbued his whole being. A life of excitement only had charms for him; land was too tame; he gloried in the idea of a sailor's home on the deep, he wished for the ocean storm, yea, and the booming of the cannon, the clash of the polished steel, and the conflict for life where every inch of space is of untold worth on the fathomless waters. And he died there, and his body rests in the ocean.—Was it a natural death? Ah no, it was for crime he yielded up his life; and his name will long be remembered as one who young in years, was old in sin. Did he repent? He who knows the heart, only knows the destiny of the gifted C., for his sentence was soon executed. Could these young men have been saved from the wine cup, and consequently from the road of crime, doubtless they would have been an honor to their family, and useful members of society; but the evil they increased by their influence and station in society, and the souls they led on to endless woe, can only be known in eternity.

[Literary Emporium.

Gain and Loss.

The following circumstance actually occurred in Dublin a short time back. Mr. L—— was much attached to Miss C——, the young, beautiful and accomplished heiress to a property of some £15,000 per annum; but, being himself lord of no other earthly possession than talents and good looks, he "never told his love," fearing not only a refusal on the part of the lady to reciprocate the sentiment, but of probable imputation of mercenary motives by her friends. Miss C——, however, had sufficient penetration to discover the genuine and disinterested affection of the swain. and the highly praiseworthy sensitiveness which caused him to shrink from its avowal. She was by no means indisposed to encourage his suit, but the consciousness of his comparative poverty rendered more than the ordinary encouragement given by a lady to her suitor neccessary to stimulate his courage to propound the decisive inquiry. How was she then, to give expression to her sentiments regarding him, without, at the same time overstepping the bounds of "maiden modesty?" She proposed a game of cards. "For what stake shall we play?" asked Mr. L. "There's my stake," said the lady laying down a sovereign; "if *you* win, you win *it*—if *I* win, I win *yourself*. I am aware that I have no chance of winning tho', against so expert a player as you." Mr. L—— was about the best player in Dublin, while his fair antagonist knew little or nothing of the game. Strange to say, however, on this occasion his luck deserted him. And the poor gentleman was so unfortunate as to lose both the game and himself —*and win the heiress!*

What a majesty is there in the Christian's death; what a glory in his hope! As the rivers roll the smoothest the nearer they approach the ocean; as the rose smells the sweetest when dying; as the sun appears most glorious when setting, so is it with the Christian.

It often happens that people who talk but very little, think—*just as much.*

THE LILY.

FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1849.

Fourth of July.

The anniversary of our National Independence is near at hand. Its annual return is a source of pleasure to all, reminding us as it does, of the incalculable benefits and blessings which we enjoy. While other nations are toiling through blood and suffering, for the attainment of their long lost rights, we are permitted to "sit down under our own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make us afraid." In the enjoyment of plenty and peace—in the possession of rational liberty—surrounded by beneficent institutions, increasing in wealth and power, the people of this country have indeed many and powerful reasons for hailing the Fourth of July as the proudest day of the year.

This day should be commemorated. John Adams seventy-three years ago predicted that it would be celebrated with bonfires and illuminations, with joy and gladness, by a rejoicing and happy people. So it has been kept—so we trust it will be, for many years to come. But it should not be observed as a bachanalian feast—as a day for feasting, rioting and drunkenness. In years gone by, it has been so. A greater desecration of its true mission could not well be imagined.—It is not over the wine bottle that true liberty flourishes. It is not by deep draughts of brandy that free institutions are maintained. These things tend directly to the overthrow of all that is lovely and of good report in the land. They destroy the hallowed influences, and cherished associations of the day, and convert our people into a nation of drunkards.

It is but a few years since the Fourth of July was so celebrated—since upon its annual return our nation commemorated its liberty's birth day by depriving itself of reason and common sense, and yielding itself up as a slave to a more cruel tyrant, and more galling chains, than those from which it had been freed. In this respect there has been a great, a blessed improvement. It has been found possible to celebrate the day without the use in any form of intoxicating drinks. We rejoice in this change, and we trust that at no distant day the use of alcoholic beverages will be entirely abandoned, so that the poor victims of a debased appetite may be permitted to look with unclouded sense and vision upon the day which secured to them liberty and independence. The friends of temperance everywhere should resolve not to join in, or countenance celebrations where intoxicating drinks are permitted to be used.

We notice that in many places Temperance celebrations are announced by the Sons, the Daughters, and the Cadets.

All such commemorations of the glorious birth-day of our nation, are eminently praiseworthy, and we hope to see them everywhere encouraged by the true friends of liberty and temperance. Such celebrations our sex can attend without any violation of the rules of propriety; but a rum-drinking affair, we should no more grace with our presence than we would the bar-room or the rum shop itself. On this day, and surrounded by such associations, we can all renew our vows of devotion to the cause of temperance and humanity. On it we may proclaim a second independence—not from the behests of a British King only, but from the dominion of a monster who has brought more suffering and misery upon our race than all the despots who have ever lived and died.

Armed in the panoply of truth, enlisted in a holy and blessed work, we can send up our praise to the giver of all good for the ten thousand blessings we enjoy. For our social, civil and religious privileges we owe him thanks, and for having raised up and armed with power, the men of the revolution that through toil and suffering they might secure this high inheritance to us, we should praise Him. For all these blessings we enjoy, let us show forth our gratitude by devoting our lives to his service, by doing his work here, and thereby hastening the coming of the day, when all men in soberness, temperance and love, shall send forth the glad hosannas for the triumph of liberty and virtue here on earth.

Work for the Clergy.

We see by our exchanges, that clergymen of various denominations in different parts of the country, are holding meetings to take into consideration the duties incumbent upon them, and the measures proper to be adopted in regard to the great sin of intemperance.

We are glad to see this, as there is great necessity for it. They to whom is committed the great work of preaching the gospel, have sadly neglected their duty on this subject. Christ's ministers are placed as watchmen on the walls of Zion, and it becometh them to cry aloud, and sound the alarm, when danger approaches. This great foe to religion has entered the church, and destroyed many of the fairest of Christ's flock; and has the alarm been sounded? The bible abounds with texts of woes and denunciations against the drunkard and the drunkard maker, yet how seldom are they chosen as ground for a discourse. They are passed by as unworthy of attention, or as though they eminated not from the same great source as other parts of the sacred book.

We cannot look to the right, or the left, but we behold the dens of pollution, where the business of undermining the church, and ruining immortal souls, is boldly carried on, and yet our pulpits utter no warning voice. Hundreds of men spend the Lord's day in hanging about these sinks of iniquity, who, if they were removed, would be led to the house of God, and by attending upon his ministry be brought to a knowledge of their own sinfulness, and of the necessity of relying upon the merits of their Savior for salvation. We believe it to be within the power of the christian church to shut up these moral pitfalls, and drive intemperance from the land, if it would but come up to the work in its strength. But to a great extent, both ministers and people are perfectly indifferent on the subject. One would suppose that the words "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of Heaven" would be enough to arouse all the energy of their natures, to save the many who are falling victims to this curse of the Almighty.

But they seem to have no care for the souls that are perishing around them. As we said before, by some strange infatuation, they seem to think them words of no meaning at all, or at least

that the subject to which they relate is unworthy of attention.

We would by no means implicate the whole christian church in such a charge, for thanks be to God there are many noble exceptions, both of clergy and laity. If it were not so, we should fear lest the candlestick should be removed, and we be left to grope our way in heathen darkness. As a general thing, however, it is but too true.—The "pomps and vanities of the world" have taken possession of the minds of christian professors, and their duties as servants of Christ, and laborers in his vineyard are almost entirely forgotten, or neglected, and nought but the name of christian remains.

Such thoughts as these frequently obtrude themselves upon our mind, and we are sometimes almost led to doubt the religion of many whom we would gladly believe were "ripe for the kingdom of heaven," when we witness their perfect indifference to these things, and hear their cold remarks about those who are laboring to lighten the load of the weak and erring victims of man's cruel laws, and customs.

Again we say, we rejoice to see this awakening on the part of the clergy, and we trust much good will result from it. The people will not long remain inactive and indifferent, if their ministers will but take the right ground, and discharge their duties faithfully.

O! Young Man,

Just setting out on the journey of life, when all is bright and full of promise, why will you sacrifice all that is worth living for, upon the altar of intemperance? Why will you wreck your own happiness, and blast your bright hopes by fostering and indulging a love of that poison, the use of which will rob you of reason and consign you to the dishonored grave of the drunkard. You toil to earn, then rob yourself to enrich your destroyer. And what does he give you in return for your money? What equivalent for the loss of your character—your self-respect—the respect and esteem of friends—your peace of mind—your immortal soul? You rob and starve yourself, that the rumseller may fatten upon your gains. Why do you this? You know the consequences of the course your are pursuing, then why will you continue it? Your destroyer will profess to be your friend, so long as you have the means of administering to his comfort and support; when that is gone he will turn you out to starvation and beggary. His friendship is like that of the hungry wolf, for the innocent lamb, and he will no sooner release you from his grasp, than the deadly serpent will unloose the coils in which he has bound his victim. Go not then within his charmed circle! Flee the net which is spread for you!—Resolve to be a man, and let your aim be high.—Stoop not to the vile and debasing practices of the profligate and the drunkard. Instead of infamy and disgrace, seek honor and distinction, then though you reach not the *pinnacle* of fame, yet you will have the satisfaction of having ascended far in the scale, and of having done what you could to elevate and purify the character and morals of those by whom you are surrounded.—Then the esteem and love of friends will be yours. Then the smiles of true friendship will ever greet you, and cheer your passage to the grave.

To Correspondents.

J. W. G., in our next.

"Educational." This article begins well, but is not carried out with sufficient fullness to make it interesting. Perhaps the writer couid enlarge upon it, so that it would answer for publication.—In its present shape we decline it.

R. H. B.—let us hear from you again.

A Good Move.

The Directors of the Boston and Maine Rail Road have resolved to employ no persons on that road who use intoxicating drinks. Why is this? Why is the poor drunkard to be deprived of employment, merely because he partakes of a beverage which the law not only makes it right for him to drink, but appoints agents to supply him with it, and throws its strong arm around to shield and protect it.

There is great inconsistency in making laws for the sale of a necessary beverage, and then forbidding men to drink it under penalty of being deprived of employment, and suffering fine, and imprisonment, for acts committed while under its influence. But what a happy, blessed thing it would be, if the resolution of these Directors could be carried out, and acted upon by all who wish to engage the services of others. When we take into consideration the vast amount of property destroyed, and the untold number of lives lost yearly by the drunkenness of those connected with the locomotive power of our cars and steamers, and in various other situations of trust and danger, we greatly wonder that so little attention is paid to the subject. The Directors of the Boston and Maine Rail Road have resolved to do what they may, to prevent dangers and disasters on that road. The act is highly commendable and worthy of all praise. We believe that their resolution will ultimately be acted upon by all. Although people may think it right to legalize the sale of the poison, yet they will see, and feel, that it is neither wise or safe, to risk the consequences flowing from its use.

☞ There is quite an awakening on the subject of temperance in Albany. Frequent meetings are held, and although a spacious pavillion has been erected for the purpose, it will not contain the vast multitude who nightly visit it. The meetings are said to be more numerously attended than any others ever held in that city. Many of the most influential citizens attend and take part in them. Among the speakers we notice the name of Erastus Corning, Esq.

☞ We see by the *Star of Temperance* that the city of Rochester is to be cursed with licenced grog shops after all. The friends of license have accomplished their purpose, but it was unfairly and unjustly done. The Common Council, when there was a full board, had *twice* voted not to license, but the *license minority*, taking advantage of the absence of three members of the majority, by which the power was temporarily in their hands, perpetrated the gross act of injustice.—The vote given on the two former occasions, still stands recorded, and has not been repealed. This is a fair specimen of the honor and morals of the liquor party.

The Pledge Breaker.

This afternoon whilst on my way to the "Corners," a friend of mine introduced me to an unfortunate person, who was evidently trembling under the terrible influence of the incipient stages of delirium tremens. He carried his boots in his hands—his thread-bare coat was thrown over his arms—his beard was of several days growth.—He wept like a child, and refused to be comforted, whilst he vehemently vowed he would never taste another drop of intoxicating liquor. Several years ago he signed the total-abstinence pledge—attended temperance meetings and became quite eloquent in relating his unhappy experience.—His name has been heralded far and near as an advocate of temperance. A few days ago he felt a little indisposed, when a rumseller persuaded him to taste a little beer, that he might be benefited by its medicinal qualities. Perhaps it was small beer, spiced with alcohol, as the person who administered it is a small man, who deals in these articles. If his heart is not harder than a millstone, he would have been ashamed and afraid of his business, could he have seen this miserable victim of his piratical traffic. There he was walking along the dusty roads this hot day, with a scorching sun blazing down upon him, and the liquid fire of "*aquea mortis et damnaticus*" burning within him. He cried and cursed, and promised and prayed, by turns, and politely declined the generous offers of assistance presented to him, although he had not a farthing about his person. The satanic act of the heartless villain who poisoned him, has driven him from his business and the bosom of his family. May God have mercy on those who have no mercy on themselves.

Hamden, Conn., June 22, 1849.

G. W. B.

☞ Mrs. L. H. Sigourney has our warmest thanks for her kindness. We accept her *present* with pleasure. Whatever its contents may be, we shall prize the gift for the sake of the giver. We hope soon to have it in our possession.

☞ The Cholera is spreading with fearful rapidity over the land, but its pathway is strewn with fewer victims as yet, than on either of its two previous visits to our country. It evidently prevails in its most modified form, yet is sufficiently fatal in its attacks to induce all to use proper preventatives to guard against its visitation. What these preventatives are, has been spread before the public in many forms, and we will not repeat them. Cleanliness and temperance, both in eating and drinking, are the principal ones, and should be carefully practised. It is universally admitted that those addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks, are the most liable to its attacks.—This well attested fact should be a warning to all, to abstain from a custom so pernicious and destructive to the health and happiness of all who indulge in it.

☞ We commend the excellent article which we publish in this number, on the moral influence of women, written by Mrs. Wilber, to the attention of our readers. It contains many excellent thoughts beautifully expressed, and though rather long, we think we could not fill our columns with more interesting matter.

For the Lily.

Our little acts.

Our lives are made up of minutes, hours, and days, and so in the formation of character, our little actions are strongly interwoven, and form a great essential part. How few consider that a word, nay even a look, has often wrought the web of destiny which encloses within its meshes, the hopes and prayers of thousands! and that some little courtesy withheld, or some small discrepency in the domestic circle, has separated friends, and fastened the chains of vice upon many a promising youth. We do not realize this sufficiently—we are continually forgetting that little wrongs form great evils. I care not by how many temptations a young man is surrounded, if he but adheres strictly to small known rules of right, though a thousand means are devised to involve him in moral ruin,—he will withstand them all.—Who does not admire the majestic river, as it courses its way to the wide sea, careering onward its bright waters glide, now gently, now swiftly amid vallies and hills, waking beauty from her bed of flowers and foliage, and sending out the glad music of its waters, to blend in nature's harmony. Who, when lost in its admiration, does not know that that tiny rivulet, which had its birth-place in some obscure nook, is the parent of that noble river. Just so with human character, our little acts, done in the obscurity of private life, give the coloring to our future career—and mark our destiny, and seal us for honor, or dishonor—for happiness or misery. M.

Seneca Falls, June 4.

☞ The following article which we find in the Connecticut Fountain, shows that our cause is by no means going backwards in the land of common schools and steady habits. Connecticut is one of the most moral, intelligent, and best educated States in the Union, and ought long since to have totally suppressed the sale of intoxicating drinks, within her boundaries. Her people can do it, if they will but try in earnest:

At work in Earnest.

A few weeks ago, it was hardly within the compass of probability, that the people of Hartford would have been, at this time, fully aroused to the evils of the liquor traffic in our midst, and united in active and successful efforts to suppress the same. But such is the fact. The temperance meetings which have been held here for a few weeks past by our State Agent, have interested the most wealthy and intelligent portion of our citizens, and they are fully aroused to action.

The committee chosen last week to suppress the illegal traffic *at all hazards*, have commenced their work in good earnest. A large amount of money has been pledged to carry on prosecutions, and the influence and character of our city are available to promote this cause.

The fear-stricken rumsellers are in agony; some have already surrendered, and others have closed their dens of infamy to elicit sympathy.—One of our political papers has already began to shed crocodile tears in behalf of these poor persecuted fellows. What will happen if rumsellers are required to do business upon the same principles of honor as ot her men?

There is no escaping the conviction that the illegal traffic must now be suppressed in our city. We are happy to learn that all are to be served alike in this matter.

If brandy is sold, disguised with soda, or amid the drapery of fashion at our first houses, or down at Cad's, it is alike a violation of law, and each criminal must stand or fall for himself.

The Circus.

Our village is again, for the third time this season, to be visited by one of these traveling moral pestilences. Flaming handbills and advertisements are posted on every corner, and in our newspapers, and no pains spared to induce the people to pay their money to gaze upon the indecent and immoral performance of a set of idle and depraved men. We greatly wonder that the authorities of our village will so far demean themselves as to allow these men to play the clown among us. They little think of the great amount of evil which will result to their children in consequence, or of the lessons in immorality, and wickedness which they learn from them. What is the paltry sum received from them to our village, when compared with the untold amount of evil which flows from their visits.

But what is mostly to be wondered at, and deplored, is the fact that ladies, yea *mothers*, encourage these immoral exhibitions, by their presence aud their smiles. What can be expected of children, when mothers, *christian mothers*, take them by the hand and lead them into such schools of vice, or how is that mother fitted to instill the principles of virtue and morality into the minds of her children. Verily it is a strange school for christians to learn in.

☞ Father Mathew, the great apostle of temperance, has at length reached our shores.—The authorities of the city of New York will give him a public reception on the 3d inst. His visit to this country will be hailed with delight by all true friends of the cause, which he has labored so faithfully to promote. We trust that a new interest will be awakened, and much good result from his visit. We have not learned whether he designs traveling westward, but presume he will pass through this State at least. We hope to gladden our eyes with a sight of him, and our ears with the sound of his voice. He is more deserving of the gratitude and praise of a moral and religious people than any military hero that ever received the plaudits of the multitude. We hope he may be everywhere received in a way worthy of his benevolent mission.

Rumsellers of the Present Day.

The following article from the *New Hampshire Courier*, is a truthful, but not very flattering picture of that pest of civilized society, a rumseller of the present day. Read it ye rumsellers, and blush!—[N. Y. Reformer.

"There is no class of men who have done so much to injure the country as the rumsellers have done; and yet an abused, an injured, and an outraged people are still afflicted with the abominable traffic that has filled, and that is still filling the land with weeping and with wo. The men now engaged in the traffic, are those who care not who sink, so that they swim; they care not for laws, nor tears, nor wretchedness, so that they can get rich and clothe themselves and families in costly attire, on the money earned by drunkards, and taken from their poor families. A rumseller of the present day is doing far more harm than is any other violator of the law, and in no station of a public nature should he be placed.—A dividing line is now being drawn between those who regard the law, and those who go against law, that will place the rumsellers, the rum drinkers, and those who would not require the rumseller to regard law, in the same division; while all the friends of law and order will unite in one mighty effort to save the country from anarchy and violence. The time has come when those who patronize the rumseller will be classed with those who are opposed to temperance. A division in society, on this great question, is fast taking place, and the quicker it is effected the better, and the broader the dividing line, the better it will be."

Temperance Abroad.—The Friend, published at Honolulu, contains a petition in the following form addressed to his Excellency, Jahnes Young Kanehoa, Governor of Maui, and signed by sixteen foreign residents.

Sir,—We whose names are hereto subscribed feel impelled by a patriotic desire to promote the best interests of the community in which we live, to call your attention to a growing evil, which is masked under the name of beer. A noxious compound under this title is extensively sold and drank in this place, and begins to fill our hitherto quiet streets with drunken brawls. We greatly fear the facility with which their crews can get intoxicated in the beer shops will drive whalemen from our waters, and thus deprive the community of the chief means of aggrandisement which it now possesses. We trust your excellency will not allow this wretched nuisance to sap the prosperity of the whole community. We therefore earnestly entreat your Excellency to issue a mandate utterly prohibiting the sale of beer, and thus perpetuate the peace and prosperity of your people.

A petition similar to the above, signed by five hundred natives, was also forwarded to the Governor. Such things indicate the surprising progress of society at the Sandwich Islands, within a quarter of a century.

The Rum Monopoly.

We hear a great deal said against monopolies of one kind and another, and some of our wisest and most learned men make long and oracular speeches on the subject; but we cannot call to mind an instance in which one of the leading politicians of the country has said anything about the rum monopoly. We think here is a monopoly worthy of their attention, and one that bears more heavily upon the people than any other.—a monopoly enjoyed by a set of heartless wretches who drain the very life-blood of the community; who set at defiance all laws, human and divine, and drive their work of death with the dilligence, if not the malignity, of fiends; men, who deal out death and damnation to their deluded fellow creatures for a few paltry pence; men who swear they WILL SELL, in spite of the tears and eloquent pleadings of the drunkard's wife and his worse than orphaned children; men, who stand ready and willing to make drunkard's of *your* brother and *my* brother, of *your* child and *my* child, and who tell us to help ourselves if we can.

How long will a temperance community submit to such a monopoly? How LONG? How many more of its victims must plunge from our wharves into a watery grave, and awake in eternity? How many more must die in the agonies of delirium, brought on by the foul poison which the rumseller administers? Shame!—Shame! on the public sentiment that coward-like skulks away and shrinks from duty! Shame on the chicken-hearted ministers of justice who are too timid to execute the law upon these cold and daring and criminal transgressors! Shame on you and me, who dare not speak out boldly upon the subject. [Col. Wash.

It was one of the laws of Lycurgus, that no portions should be given with young women in marriage. When this great lawgiver was called upon to justify this enactment, he observed, "that in the choice of a wife merit only should be considered; and that the law was made to prevent young women being chosen for their riches, or neglected for their poverty."

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil on which virtue prospers.

From Ned Buntline's Own.

THE DRUNKARD AND HIS MEMORY.

BY THE VEILED AUTHOR.

* * * The inebriate awoke. The fumes of liquor, the stains of debauchery, the pains of excess were upon him. Stretching himself to his full length on his mean bed, rubbing his incrusted face with both his scarred and filthy hands, pulling his stiff eyebrows with his trembling thumb and finger, making a lazy effort to untwist his tangled and matted hair, he looked languidly around the room. He could not see very distinctly, things looked curious in his view. The table was thrown over on one side; the lamp was shattered in fragments on the floor; chairs were broken and thrown topsy-turvy. Ha! ha! how very ludicrous.

There, too, were sundry flowers and shrubs, which the drunkard's daughter had reared and guarded with gentle care, torn and trampled upon the floor. Poor child! she had procured them with difficulty; she had watched their unfolding with a strange thrill of delight; she had never neglected to water them when the soil became parched around the roots; they were fresh, glad objects amid her desolate home; speaking comfort amid hissing sorrows. Now they were torn, trampled, ruined.

"How very funny Nell's plants look!" laughed the drunkard. "I wonder how she's made 'em look so odd? But Nell's cute, that she is!"

The drunkard turned himself in bed and yawned.

"This wall paper's curious too!" he continued. "Only see how loose it hangs from the plaster all in strips. By George! the lime's revealed to view and the lath too! How funny! But that's for effect. I 'spose; the contrast—variegated—ha! ha! It's Nell's work! but Nell's cute!"

"I 'spose the gal's tending on her mother!—Well it's strange she don't git better—it's hard supporting a woman that's sick so much; but I'm gen'rous! if I wasn't I wouldn't do the the thing! One must be kind to the opposite sex—and man's usually kind—it's his nature. I know it's a culpable thing to be kind; but how can man help it, I'd like to know? He's con-sti-tu-tion-ally mag-nan-i-mous—he is! Now, as for Molly—as for Nell's mother, I wouldn't mind supporting her if she only looked as well as she used to. But she don't—she's faded, wrinkled, bent.—Why don't she look better? Why don't she look as well as I do? Why, only think! Here I am in the prime of manly being—blooming, vigerous! Why aint she like me? But these wimmen will fade; it's their nature. Nel-*lee*, Nel-*lee ee*!"

A door creaked upon its hinges, and a girl entered. She was probably twelve years old; tall and handsome; but pale, and ill-dressed. She looked fatigued by over-work and watching; but haste was in her step, and agony in her look.

"Father, are you awake? Come quickly, then. Mother's dying, and she wants to speak to you!" cried the child.

The drunkard seemed to be for a moment confused. He looked at his child with a bewildered, stupid look.

"Come, father, haste! Mother is going fast; she may be dead even now! O, my mother!"

"Ah! Nell, a little pleasantry, isn't it? You mean she's well. A little squib—a contrivance of yours?"

"No, no! O, God, no!" shrieked the girl.

"A little oddity of yours, Nell; like the strewing of these plants, something to laugh about?"

The child had not perceived, before, the ruin her flowers had suffered, and the confusion which reigned throughout the apartment. The sight drew another sigh from her bosom; but her mind could not be long diverted from its present mission.

"O, father, won't you believe me? Won't you come and see mother before she dies?"

And as she spoke she seized her vile parent by the arm, and sought in fearful earnestness to drag him from the bed. Her look, her energy, her tones told even the mind of the inebriate that she was in earnest.

He arose, and staggering after his child, reeled out of the room muttering as he went:—

"How very strange—how very funny!"

* * * * * * *

Here's a picture for you, rum-dealer, drunkard, citizen. It is a small, low room, whose walls are tattered and parched, blackened and spotted. A small stove, covered with medicine cups; a rude scarred table; a single chair, minus the bottom; and a bed without the bedstead, spread upon the floor, constitute the main furniture of the room. On this bed lies a skeleton woman—faded, withered, emaciated—a glance of mingled pain and resignation burning in the eyes that were about to shut in death.

Who placed that woman there? Rum—glorious rum did it! Rum—so worshipped and petted, such a delicious companion, such a favorite with kings and their brave imitators. Rum was the rogue! Wasn't it well done?

Little Nell kneels beside the dying woman, and presses her emaciated hand between her own soft palm, while she muttered a prayer in a low voice.

The drunkard, the *husband*, the *father* stands before the bed, and looks down on the pair. The first glance he cast on his dying wife sobered his straggling thoughts, and as he now looks on the ruin his vices have wrought, his blood chills, and he clasps his hands in agony.

"Molly," said he, as the tears began to start, "I didn't know that you was so sick as this!"

"I have been sick a long time," returned the poor wife in a low voice; "a very long time; but I am going now!"

"Will you die, Molly? Can nothing be done? I have abused you—have neglected you—I know I have!" sobbed the man

"Nothing can be done now—nothing; I am nearly over for this world; but we wont talk of the past, but of the—"

"That's like you, Molly; you never taunt me with my sins; you always forgive; you—"

"I want to speak of our daughter" interrupted the wife, in a voice still more faint. "I can say but a few more words, and let them be said to some purpore. I can't deny but I've suffered; but let the past lie buried; I'll soon be at rest.—What will become of Nell when I am gone?"

"God only knows," burst from the drunkard's lips. "I cannot think of it—I can only think of your wrongs—of my own cruelty. I tell you, Molly, if my conscience would only forgive me as readily as you do, I would give this entire city, if it was mine to give."

A fit of severe coughing deferred for several minutes, the answer of the wife. Then she replied, but in a voice scarcely audible, extending her hand;—

"Take my hand; it is the same you used to kiss with such fondness; take it, and sit down by me, and let us speak of Nelly."

"My mother—O, my mother," sobbed the child.

The husband knelt beside the wronged wife, took both her thin hands in his, and pressed them fervently to his bosom.

"I did not expect this," cried the wife, in an altered voice. "I knew your heart was good—that rum only made you ill; but I thought not that you still loved me thus. But hear me—"

Here her cough interrupted her. The drunkard thought she would expire without speaking again. Little Nell clasped her hands and prayed.

Recovering a little, however, the wife continued, fixing her dying eyes upon her husband's face:—

"I've two requests to make. In this, your *good moment*, you will grant them, and I shall die in peace."

"I will! By all that is holy, I will."

"Procure some safe, kind home for Nell, where she may be educated and taught the precepts of wisdom, and its holy practice. As for yourself, promise me, in these, my dying moments, *that you will taste rum no more*; that you will reform, and strive to regain your true place in society."

"It shall be as you desire in both cases; I swear it."

I believe you, and I die happy. God has made my life somewhat dark, but I die in hope of a glorious world, made glad by his everlasting smile."

* * * * * * *

The drunkard grasped the stiff, cold hand of his dead wife. Little Nell, sobbing leaned upon his breast—she had a father once more.

Then, in the presence of the dead, memory told a tale in the drunkard's ear. Said memory:

"In a princely mansion that stands on the banks of the Hudson, fifteen years ago, lived a fair and virtuous maiden, envied by her own and flattered by the opposite sex, she kept life's current unstained. She was just, humble-minded, pure, lovely, gay, happy. Lo! *now she is here!*"

The drunkard groaned. Memory went on:

"A clerk from the 'town' saw the happy and beautiful maiden—professed love—proposed love and was accepted. Beautiful was the night that saw their vows plighted, that heard the first whisperings of their confiding love. O, what a different scene from *this!* from THIS!"

"O, God! O, God!" cried the drunkard.

"You should have heard his vows, the young clerk's," continued memory; "they were so eloquent, so impassioned. Did the young maiden trust in them? She did! How were they kept? Lo!—this vile room; this cold emaciated clay, no longer the habitation of a spirit; this pale, motherless child, whose cradle-bed was soaked with hopeless tears, and whose—"

"Mercy! mercy! from these pangs, great God!"

"These, vice-stained man, given up to remorse and agony, all these shall answer; these shall say how the vows were kept! There was a night six years after, when the young wife clasping her babe in her arms, went forth at the midnight hour, urging her trembling steps through the deserted streets, to save her husband—the young clerk—from ruin. She saw him—was abused and beaten—ridiculed and spurned, and staggered home with a broken, bleeding heart. That heart is now at rest; it throbs to pain no more; and its sorrow-worn temple lies crumbling here. *Tot ell how the vows were kept!*" The night closed in; but there was the drunkard still chained in his agony; there was the pale child, whose last hope had gone heavenward on the white spirit of her mother; there was the UNSHROUDED DEAD!

NORWICH, CONN.

The earth is believed to increase in heat a degree in every 15 to 20 yards in depth.

Temperance House,

AT SENECA FALLS.

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A good hostler will always be in attendance.

ISAAC FULLER.

Jan. 22, 1849.

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